

# Future, Jumpin On A Jet

Yeah, ho (Jumpin' on and off the jet)  
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We say it's up, then it's up  
Perfect timin', dropped a diamond in my cup  
Solitaires on my ankles, I'm weighed up  
See, you trollin' and that shit not weighin' up  
Lambo truck, and I'm flexin', princess cut  
On the G4, Fendi my clothes, travel the globe  
Put the carats in my nose  
Never did fold  
And I won't sell my soul, platinum rose gold  
Philippe my hoes  
Tricking it o-o-off  
Fuckin' on a star-ar-ar-ar  
Might get you a car-ar-ar-ar  
I was standin' on the bar-ar-ar-ar  
It was me and my squa-ad-ad-ad  
We was drippin' in a-a-agua

Ordered the 14 passenger  
Flyest nigga in America  
Fresher than a mannequin  
VVS' got my hoes sprung

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Jumpin' on and off the jet  
Jumpin' on and off

Say it's war  
We gon' down him and fuck his ho  
I'm on a bar, puttin' these marbles in my doors  
No, I can't change, I got a short bus, on my ring  
I'm on flames, me and my ho, hood gangbang  
I'm a superstar, but I already got my stains  
I was in the back seat, but I was switchin' lanes  
TV the headrest, pull up at the Clearport  
I stay dead fresh, foreign my transport

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Jumpin' on and off